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MADRAS 8

A tender love story by A
Pushkin*, one of the greatest
of short story writers.

THE POSTMASTER

It was a hot day. Three versts from the posting station of X a light drizzle began, and a minute later I was soaked to the skin by a downpour. On arriving at the station my first care was to change my clothes as quickly as possible, my second to ask for tea.

"Hey, Dunya!" cried the postmaster. (In the old days travellers changed horses at the posting station.) "Get the samovar ready, and go and fetch some cream." In response to these words a girl of some fourteen summers emerged from behind a partition wall and scampered to the porch. I was struck by her beauty. "Is that your daughter?" I asked the postmaster.

"Yes," he replied with an air of complacency. "And she's so clever, so quick, just like her dear mother before her."

Hardly had I paid off my old driver, when Dunya came back with the samovar. The little coquette was not slow to observe the impression she had made on me, and lowered her great blue

eyes demurely. I entered into conversation with her and she answered without the slightest signs of embarrassment, like a girl who had seen something of the world. I offered her father a glass of punch. Dunya, I handed a cup of tea, and we all three chatted together as if we had known one another for ages.

The horses were in readiness, but I was loath to part from the postmaster and his daughter. At last I took leave of them, the father wished me a good journey, and the daughter saw me to my carriage. I stopped in the porch and asked her to allow me to kiss her. Dunya consented...

x x x

Several years passed, and circumstances again conspired to take me along the same route, to the same places. I remembered the postmaster's daughter, and rejoiced at the thought that I should see her once more. And then I reflected that the old postmaster might have been dismissed, and that Dunya was probably married

* From The Tales of Ivan Belkin, Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow.

by now. The thought of the death of the one¹ or other also flashed through my mind, and I approached the posting station of X with melancholy forebodings.

My horses drew up before the postmaster's little house. The postmaster was asleep covered by a sheepskin coat. My arrival woke him, and he sat up.....How he had aged! While he was copying out my order I noticed his grey hair, the deep lines in his unshaven cheeks and his bowed shoulders, and could not contain my astonishment that three or four years should have transformed a robust man into a frail person. "Don't you know me?" I asked. "You and I are old friends."

"Quite possible," he replied morosely. "It's a busy route, a great many travellers come here."

"And how is your Dunya?" I continued.

The old man frowned. "God knows," he said.

"Is she married, then?" I asked. The old man pretended not to have heard my question, and went on reading over my order in a whisper. I discontinued my questions and asked to have the kettle put on. I was beginning to feel the prickings of curiosity, and hoped that punch would loosen my old friend's tongue.

I was not mistaken—the old man did not reject the proffered glass. I observed that rum dispersed his gloominess. By the second glass he became talkative, remembering, or at least pretending to remember, who I was, and I learned from his lips a tale which at the time interested and moved me strangely.

"So you knew my Dunya?" he began. "Ah, who did not know her? Ah, Dunya! Dunya! What a girl she was! Everyone who came here used to praise her, no one had a word to say against her. The ladies used to give her presents—some a kerchief, some a pair of ear-rings. When gentlemen came to the posting station they would stop on purpose, as if for dinner or supper, but really for the sake of looking at her a little longer. However angry a gentleman might be, he would calm down at the sight of her, and speak graciously to me. You will hardly believe it, but couriers and state-messengers would talk to her by the half-hour. My home depended on her, she found time to clean house, to cook, to do everything. And I, old fool, could not take my eyes off her, could not contain my joy in her. Did not I love my Dunya, did not I cherish my child? Did not she have an easy life? But you can't stave off disaster by prayers—there is no escape from destiny." Here he began to give me a detailed account of his misfortune.

Three years before, one wintry evening when the postmaster was ruling himself a new ledger, and his daughter was sitting behind the partition making a dress, a *troika* drew up and a traveller in a Circassian cap and military great-coat, and a thick muffler, entered the room and demanded horses. The horses were all out. On hearing this, the traveller raised his voice and his whip, but Dunya, who was familiar with such scenes, came running out from behind the partition, and addressed the traveller graciously, asking him if he

would like something to eat. The appearance of Dunya produced its usual effect. The traveller's rage left him; he consented to wait for horses and ordered supper. After taking off his wet shaggy fur cap, unwinding his muffler, and throwing off his great-coat, he was seen to be a slender young hussar with a small black moustache. He made himself quite at home, and was soon chatting gaily with the postmaster and his daughter. Supper was served. Meanwhile the horses had returned and the postmaster ordered them to be harnessed to the traveller's sleigh, without even being fed. But when he got back to his room he found the young man lying almost unconscious on the bench. He felt faint, his head ached, he was not fit to travel...There was no help for it! The postmaster gave up his bed to him, and it was decided, should the patient not be better by the morrow, to send for the apothecary

Next day the hussar was worse. His servant rode to the neighbouring town for the apothecary. Dunya laid a hand-kerchief soaked in vinegar round his head, and sat beside his bed with her sewing. In the postmaster's presence the patient moaned and could scarcely utter a word, though he drank two cups of coffee and moaned out an order for dinner. Dunya never left his side. He constantly begged for a drink, and Dunya as constantly brought him a mug of the lemonade she had prepared with her own hands. The patient moistened his lips, and every time he returned the mug he pressed Dunya's hand in his feeble grasp, by way of showing



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his gratitude. The apothecary arrived at dinner time. He felt the patient's pulse, spoke to him in German, and declared in Russian that all he needed was rest, and that he would be able to resume his journey in a couple of days.

Another day passed and the hussar recovered completely. He was extremely gay, joking incessantly, now with Dunya, now with the postmaster, whistling tunes, chatting with travellers, entering their relays in the ledger, and making the kindly postmaster so fond of him that by the morning of the third day he could hardly bear to part with his pleasant lodger. It was a Sunday, and Dunya got ready to go to church. The hussar's sleigh was brought round. He bade the postmaster

farewell, rewarding him generously for his board and lodging. He said good-bye to Dunya, too, offering to drive her as far as the church, which was at the other end of the village. Dunya seemed perplexed.

"What are you afraid of?" her father said. "His Honour isn't a wolf—he won't bite you; let him drive you to the church." Dunya got into the sleigh and sat down next to the hussar, the servant leaped on the box-seat, the driver whistled, and the horses galloped off.

The unfortunate postmaster could never understand how it was that he had allowed his Dunya to go with the hussar, how he could have been so blind, what could have possessed him! Hardly half an hour passed when he began to feel a gnawing at his heart, and was overcome by anxiety to such an extent that he could no longer contain himself, and went to the church to look for her. As he approached it he saw the people already coming out, but Dunya was neither in the churchyard, nor in the porch. He had only one hope left—Dunya with the levity of youth might have gone on to the next posting station, where her godmother lived. He awaited the return of the horses which he had sent with the carriage in an agony of impatience. But the day passed, and the driver did not come back. At last, towards night, he rode up alone, tipsy, and the bearer of appalling tidings—"Dunya had gone on from the next posting station with the hussar."

The old man never got over his misfortune, and that evening took to his bed—the very bed on which

the youthful impostor had lain the day before. The postmaster, reviewing all the circumstances, now guessed that the young man's illness had been feigned. The poor old man took two month's leave, and, without a word of his intentions to anyone, set off to look for his daughter. From the ledger he discovered that Captain Minsky had travelled from Smolensk to Petersburg. The coachman who drove him said that Dunya had wept all the way, although apparently going of her own free will. "God willing," thought the postmaster, "I shall bring my strayed lamb home." Inspired by this thought he arrived in Petersburg, and discovered where Captain Minsky was living.

Early in the morning he arrived at the hussar's front door and requested the servant to inform his honour that an old soldier wished to see him. The servant, polishing a riding-boot, told him that his gentleman was asleep, and did not receive anyone before eleven o'clock. The postmaster went away and returned at the appointed hour. Minsky himself came out to him in his dressing-gown and a crimson fez. "What can I do for you, brother?" he asked.

The old man's heart seethed with emotion, tears welled up in his eyes, and he could only mutter, in trembling accents: "Your Honour! For God's sake, Your Honour..." Minsky cast a rapid glance at him, flushed crimson, took him by the hand, led him to his study, and locked the door from the inside. "Your Honour," went on the old man. "What is lost is gone forever, but

give me back my poor Dunya! You have had your joy of her—do not ruin her for naught!"

"What has been done cannot be undone," said the young man, who was evidently quite overcome. "I have wronged you and am willing to ask your forgiveness. But you must not think me capable of deserting Dunya. She will be happy. I give you my word of honour. What do you want with her? She loves me, she has become unused to her former condition. Neither you nor she could ever forget what has happened." Then, thrusting something into the postmaster's cuff, he unlocked the door and the old man, hardly knowing how, found himself in the street.

He stood motionless for a long time, and at last noticed that there was a bundle of paper beneath his cuff. He drew it out, and unfolded a number of crumpled five and ten ruble notes. Tears welled up afresh in his eyes, tears of indignation. He crumpled the notes into a ball, flung them on the ground, trampled them beneath his heel, and went away.....

That same evening he was walking along the main street when an elegant carriage dashed past him, and the postmaster recognized Minsky. The carriage stopped in front of a three-storey house, drawing up at the door, and the hussar leaped into the porch. A happy thought passed through the postmaster's mind. Turning back till he got to the carriage, he asked the coachman: "Whose horse is this, brother? Not Minsky's?"

"Yes, it is," said the coachman. "Why do you ask?"

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

"I'll tell you why—your master told me to take a note to his Dunya, and I've forgotten where she lives, this Dunya."

"Why she lives here. But you're late with your note, brother. He's with her himself, now."

"No matter," said the postmaster, with a strange fluttering of his heart. "Thanks for putting me right, but I must keep my promise." And with these words he mounted the steps.

"You can't go in!" the servant called after him. But the postmaster, taking no notice, walked on. The two first rooms he passed through were in darkness,

but there was a light in the third. He made for the open door and came to a stop. Minsky was seated deep in thought in the splendidly furnished room. Dunya, attired in the height of fashion, was perched on the arm of his chair, as if riding side-saddle in the English manner. She was gazing tenderly at Minsky, twisting his black curls round her fingers, which gleamed with jewels. Poor postmaster! Never had his daughter seemed lovelier to him: he watched her with involuntary admiration. "Who's théré?" she cried, without raising her head. He stood silent. Not receiving an answer, Dunya looked up.....and fell on the carpet with a shriek. Minsky, alarmed, rushed to pick her up, but catching sight of the old postmaster at the door, left Dunya and approached him, shaking with rage. "What do you want?" he said through clenched teeth. "Why do you follow me about like a thief? Get out!" And seizing the old man by the collar of his coat with his strong hands, he shoved him out.

Two days later the old man left Petersburg and went back to his posting station, where he resumed his former work. "And it is now almost three years," he said in conclusion, "since I have been living without Dunya, with never a word of her. Whether she is alive or dead God alone knows. Anything is possible. She is not the first and will not be the last to be seduced by a passing fop, to be kept first by him, and then abandoned. There are plenty of young fools like her in Petersburg to-day dressed up in satin and velvet, and to-morrow, look

you, sweeping the crossing with the riff-raff. Sometimes when I think Dunya may be languishing there, I can't help the sinful wish that she were in her grave..."

Such was the tale of my friend the old postmaster, a tale constantly interrupted by tears, which he wiped away picturesquely with the hem of his coat. After I took my leave of him it was long before I could get the thought of the old postmaster out of my head, or stop thinking of the unfortunate Dunya.

x x x

Not so long ago, passing through the hamlet of X, I remembered my old friend. I learned that the posting station which he had ruled over no longer existed. No one could give me a satisfactory answer to the question: "Is the old postmaster still alive?" I felt a desire to visit the familiar parts, and hiring horses drove to the village.

It was autumn. The sky was covered with grey clouds, a cold wind was blowing from the empty cornfields, bearing red and yellow leaves from the trees in its passage. I arrived at the village just before sunset, and stopped in front of the postmaster's house. A stout woman came out into the porch (where poor Dunya had once kissed me), and replied to my inquiries that the old postmaster had been dead a year, that his house now belonged to a brewer and that she herself was the brewer's wife. I began to regret my useless journey and the seven rubles expended in vain. "What did he die of?" I asked the brewer's wife.

"He drank himself to death, Sir," quoth she.

"And where is he buried?"

"Just beyond the village, beside his late wife."

"Couldn't someone take me to his grave?"

"Why, certainly. Hi, Vanya! Let that cat alone! Take the gentleman to the cemetery and show him the postmaster's grave."

A ragged urchin, red-haired and one-eyed, ran up and led me to the end of the village.

"Did you know the postmaster?" I asked him on the way.

"Oh, yes, I knew him! He taught me to make whistles. When he came out of the tavern (God rest his soul!) we used to run after him and say: 'Uncle! Uncle! Give us some nuts!' And he would give us all nuts. He was always playing with us."

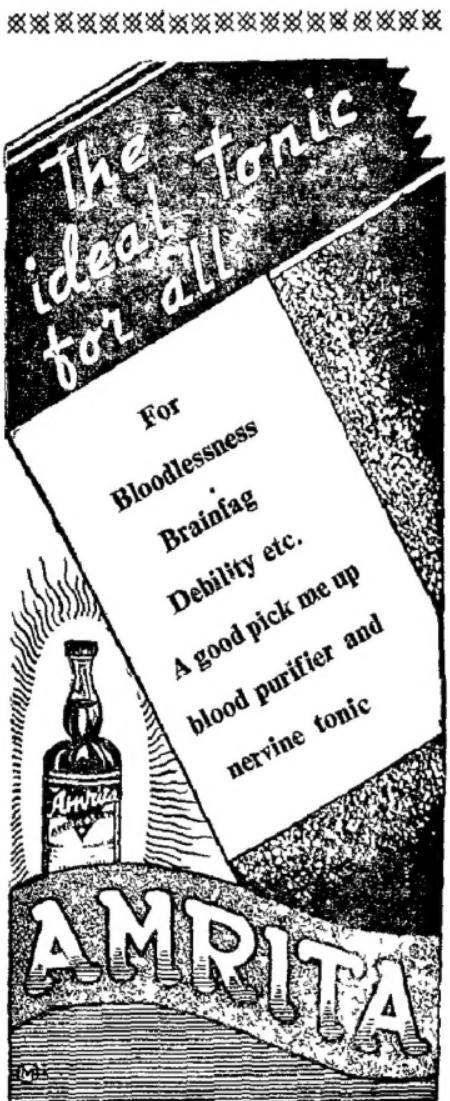
"And do travellers ever ask after him?"

"There aren't many travellers any more. Unless it's some assize-judge and he never thinks about dead people. But there was a lady this summer, she asked about the old postmaster and went to see his grave."

"What sort of lady?" I asked inquisitively.

"A lovely lady," said the boy. "She was in a coach-and-six, with three children and a nurse, and a black pug. And when they told her the old postmaster was dead, she cried, and said to the children: 'You stay here quietly while I go to the cemetery.' I offered to take her there. But the lady said: 'I know the way myself.' And she gave me a silver five-kopek piece—such a kind lady!"

We arrived at the cemetery, a



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bleak spot with no railings, dotted with wooden crosses, and quite unprotected from the sun's rays. Never in my life have I seen such a melancholy cemetery.

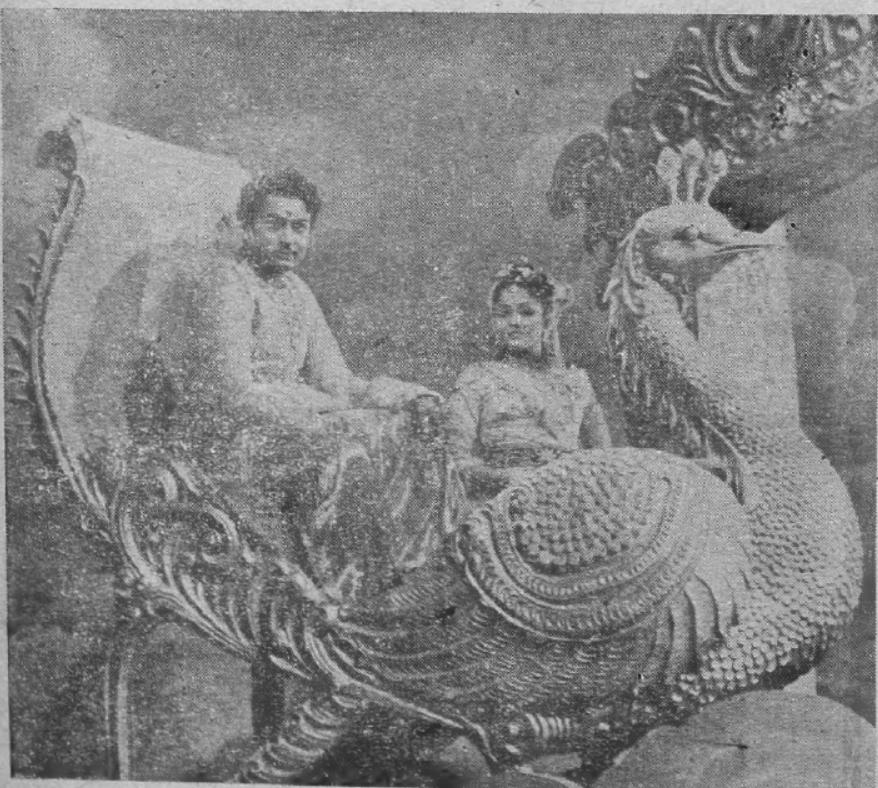
"This is the grave of the old postmaster," said the little boy, leaping on to a mound of sand in which a black cross bearing a brass icon had been stuck.

"And did the lady come here?" I asked.

"She did," replied Vanya. "I watched her from the distance. She lay here, a long time she lay. And then she went to the village, and called for the priest, and gave him some money and went away and me she gave a silver five-kopek piece—a very nice lady!"

I, too, gave the small boy a five-kopek piece, and did not regret either my journey or the seven rubles it had cost me.

Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and then following them reach your destiny.



This is the happy ending that lovers all over the world like but here it is only a dream sequence showing Balaji and E. V. Saroja in Rajeswari Films' *Sumangali*.

THE GRANDMOTHER

Excessive love and affection can be sometimes oppressive
but grandparents often seem blind to this fact.

A. CHANDRASEKHAR

Her hairs have now gone grey,
her brow wrinkled, and her back
bent with the ageing years. But
in her younger days Madhavi
was a beauty—a fair-complexioned,
curly-haired, bright eyed girl!
And everybody in her neighbourhood
used to say, "Madhavi
deserves to get a prince as her
lord."

But when the actual bride-groom arrived, he was a different person from what they had hoped and what she herself had dream-

ed. Only on the wedding day did she know that her lord was a postman, dark of complexion, with a sheepish grin, and a small tuft on his head. Madhavi, however, showered all her affection on her husband; and she lived a contented and happy life.

Madhavi's dreams for a son crumbled like powder when her first born proved to be a girl, and fate denied her a second child for her husband had died soon after

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the first birth. Her girl grew up to be as beautiful as herself and Madhavi devoted herself heart and soul in getting her married early. If God had denied her a son, she would at least have a grandson, she hoped.

When the girl was fourteen years old, Madhavi got an up-country sowcar's clerk for her husband, and celebrated the marriage on a grand scale, though it meant the melting of her two gold chains. But what did it matter? She would be having a grandson soon, who by his sweet lisps would soothe her aching, son-starved soul.

The happy day came. The lusty cry of an infant rent the air, and lo! there was the grandson for Madhavi. On the eleventh day he was named Kannan, for Madhavi had vowed that she would call her grandson by the name of the family deity.

After six months, when her son-in-law came to take his wife and child home, Madhavi said with tearful eyes: "Look well after the child. If he is ill, send word to me, and I'll run to you. In his fifth year, I shall bring him here and send him to school." The son-in-law readily agreed to the proposal.

So when Kannan had completed his fifth year, Madhavi brought him to her home and sent him to school. The boy soon learnt to read and write and Madhavi was beside herself with pride and joy. She toiled night and day to please this grandson of hers, who had come to fill her barren world with laughter and joy.

x x x

Ten years hurried by. Kannan wrote his S.S.L.C. examination,

while Madhavi daily went to the nearby temple with cocoanuts and flowers, and prayed that her Kannan should pass. She vowed that if he passed, she would bring additional oil for the temple lights.

Kannan passed his examination and Madhavi's joy knew no bounds, and she told everybody the wonderful news. She hoped Kannan would soon get a fine job.

She knew the wife of the District Collector of the place as she had treated her for jaundice. So one day, she went and told her about her Kannan. The officer's wife told her husband and he promised to fix him up at sixty rupees per month. Madhavi felt his benevolence to be unique in the world. "May God grant you many sons," she said in her gratitude.

x x x

After a month Kannan brought home his first salary. Madhavi could not suppress her joyful tears at the event. She was the happiest grandmother in the whole world that day.

The next day Madhavi sent the boy to his parents with fifty rupees, and asked him to prostrate himself before them. She did not want to deprive them of what was rightly their due.

x x x

Thus passed eight joyful months for Madhavi. But one early morning when she woke up, her Kannan was not to be seen. His box was missing too. Madhavi was prostrate with grief and kept on praying to Lord Krishna to bring back her lost boy. After ten days a letter came from Madras, to say that Kannan had gone

there and had found a better job. He was in search of a suitable house so that granny could come and live with him.

Madhavi was busy the next few days packing her belongings. She sold her old chairs and a table and some other pieces of furniture but decided to take with her the grinding stone, without which she could not make dosais for her Kannan. After getting everything ready she waited for Kannan's letter to come.

A week passed, to weeks, three weeks—still no letter arrived. Madhavi began to get anxious; perhaps her Kannan had fallen ill; or perhaps he had lost his job. She prayed for him everyday. Two months passed; then one day she learnt from a neighbour's

cousin who had gone to Madras that Kannan was quite well and had a decent job. "Perhaps he hasn't yet got a good house," she consoled herself. "As soon as he gets one, he'll surely write to me to go over to Madras. My Kannan! How can he forget his dear granny?" It never entered her head that Kannan had grown tired of her and found it pleasanter to live without his aged grandmother.

Two years have passed and Madhavi is still hopeful that Kannan would write or send for her. And if anybody asks her, "Any news about your Kannan?" she replies with tear-dimmed eyes. "No, not yet. But some day my Kannan will write or come and take me with him."

It is better to regret a thing you did not say than a thing you said.

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PORCHESTER MURDER CASE

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Roberts (25) and Nina Eileen Woods (17) were neighbours in Porchester (England) and were very fond of each other. They used to go for a walk together in the evenings as a matter of routine, but, in September 1941 Nina got acquainted with one Hogg and she seemed to like him better than Roberts. Gradually Hogg became her walking companion in the evenings. Roberts, naturally enough, was greatly distressed at this and made no secret of his displeasure.

On 21-8-1941, Roberts was seen spending his time in a public house. He was in an excited mood and he was heard to remark that they would hear of a murder being committed that evening. He had also talked of suicide, saying that he had actually loaded his rifle which he possessed as a home guard. But no one gave much attention to his talk and he left the place for his home.

There he penned a note to Nina asking her to meet him. He had earlier met Hogg and spoken to him about it. Hogg had told him he had no objection to his meeting her and actually had given him an address where he could find both of them that evening.

Roberts must have felt impatient of waiting till the evening and so he went to Nina's and found her with Hogg actually reading his note. Some discussion

ensued but the upshot of it all was that Nina definitely refused to give up Hogg. Roberts thereupon went back home greatly disappointed. In the evening while changing his clothes he noticed his rifle in the corner of the bedroom. He proceeded to load it with a cartridge. He then remembered the place Hogg had mentioned where Nina was expected to go and proceeded there taking with him the rifle and some ammunition.

He reached the place at about six. There were several men in the drawing room, including Mr. Handcock, the owner of the house, Hogg, a Mr. Gatterril, father-in-law of Handcock, and one Lawrence, another son-in-law of Gatterril. Mrs. Handcock and Nina were in the kitchen washing the tea cups.

Roberts knocked at the door and asked to see Nina. The door was opened and she came out to meet him. It was then that it happened all of a sudden. Those assembled in the drawing room heard a shot and a scream. Gatterril rushed out of the hall as fast as he could, but found that the outer door was shut. But he could see through the glass panels of the front door Roberts standing there outside with the rifle pointing towards the door and with his finger on the trigger. Nina was staggering and was about to fall to the

ground.

Gatterril rushed out and catching hold of the rifle wrenched it from Robert's hands and threw it aside. By that time others had come out and were belabouring Roberts who seemed to be in a daze and muttering all the while.

Later Roberts gave the following story:

He said that he had accosted Nina and threatened that if she would not listen to his words he would shoot himself on the doorstep. "So saying," he proceeded, "I loaded the gun. She said, 'Don't be silly Fred. I will see you some other time. I am busy now washing up!' She then turned back to go into the house. I wanted to follow her to call her back and as I was going in I

jerked the rifle forward and caught it in one hand while pushing the door open with the other. Then it happened. The rifle went off suddenly."

He had asked Lawrence, "Why did you beat me? I have done nothing." Lawrence exclaimed: "Done nothing! Well, you have killed the girl."

Roberts: "I could not have done that. I loved her too much."

The police were on the scene within a few minutes. Roberts told the Inspector, "I did not wilfully murder her. I took the gun to frighten her more than anything."

At the Winchester Assizes Roberts was chargesheeted for murder. He pleaded that it was by an accident that Nina had lost

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her life. Now, there were a number of circumstances in the case which were both decisive and indecisive on the question whether Nina was killed or was a victim of accident.

Roberts saying in the hearing of many in the tavern on the day of the murder that there would be a murder in the place in the evening, his taking the gun when he went to see the girl, his loading it with live cartridges then and there in her presence and his leaving the safety catch off and trying to follow her into the house—these pointed out to his act being one of murder. But, nobody asked him as to how the gun came to be discharged. Now a service rifle cannot go off of its own accord. It can go off only by a heavy blow being administered to it or possibly by its being dropped on the hard ground or in the ordinary case, by the trigger being pulled.

In this case neither of the first two things happened. Ex concessio, therefore, it must be that it was discharged by the finger of the accused being put on the trigger.

There was, however, no evidence whether his finger was on the trigger when he threatened her.

Roberts' own version was that it was on it without his knowing it and without his design or intention. It was possible to come to this conclusion and there was no means of being satisfied that he intended to discharge the rifle. But, it was a fact that he was doing a highly dangerous act in loading the rifle leaving the safety catch off and jerking it up in the manner he did. And it was owing to that dangerous and negligent act that Nina was killed.

Roberts was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged at the Assizes but the London Court of Criminal Appeal found him guilty only of manslaughter and sent him to prison for ten years, the judges holding that an act done or resulting from culpable neglect of duty and ending fatally would amount to manslaughter if there was neither design nor malice.

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THE SHY SUITOR

He was very shy, and although Phyllis had presented him with innumerable opportunities for declaring his love, he could never summon up enough courage to take advantage of them.

They were sitting in the garden one evening, with the usual half hour intervals between remarks, when the climax was reached.

"Isn't it funny," she said, "that the length of a man's arm is exactly the same as the circumference of a girl's waist?"

"Is that so?" said he, mildly interested. "What do you say we get a piece of string and see if it's right?"

0 0 0

If everyone in the world sends forth a good thought, there will be such peace and harmony that there will be no possibility of a war. And India has an important part to play in this great task.

— Swami Ramdas.

THE HIDDEN TRUTHS

This is the concluding article in the above series dealing with occultism and other allied phenomena.

M. P. PANDIT

We have dealt with only a few kinds of the phenomena which form the object of study and research in what are known as the paranormal sciences. There are many more of which students of Occult science and practice are aware. For there is no end to the mysteries of the manifesting nature. The truths of material nature, truths of mind and life natures that are being discovered by modern science are only a fragment of the still undiscovered potentialities of the Cosmic Being. We are not speaking at the moment of the powers of the Soul which are yet more profound. The more we study and

Readers who would like to ask questions for further elucidation of any of the points discussed in this series of articles or on the wider and all-absorbing subject of yoga, may write to the author, Sri M. P. Pandit, care, *Kahaniya Monthly*, Madras-4. It is pertinent to point out that Sri Pandit is an inmate of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, and is the author of many books on yoga and allied subjects.

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control over the activities of nature and immeasurably quicker the progress in our ascension to the heights of the Spirit. Occultism harmonised with its ancient sister spirituality can yet play a liberating role in the evolutionary stress of mankind. For in the authentic words of Sri Aurobindo :

"Occultism is in its essence man's effort to arrive at a knowledge of secret truths and potentialities of nature which will lift him out of slavery to his physical limits of being, an attempt in particular to possess and organise the mysterious, occult, outwardly still underdeveloped direct power of mind upon life and of both mind and life over matter. There is at the same time an endeavour to establish communication with worlds and entities belonging to the supraphysical heights, depths and intermediate levels of Cosmic Being and to utilise this communion for the mastery of a higher Truth and for a help to man in his will to make himself sovereign over nature's powers and forces. This human aspiration takes its stand on the belief, intuition or intimation that we are not mere creatures of the mud, but souls, minds, will that can know all the mysteries of this and every world and become not only nature's pupils but her adepts and masters. The occultist sought to know the secret of physical things also and in this effort he furthered astronomy, created chemistry, gave an impulse to other sciences, for he utilised geometry also and the science of numbers; but still more he sought to know the secrets of supernature. In this

sense occultism might be described as the science of the supernatural; but it is in fact only the discovery of the supraphysical, the surpassing of the material limit,—the heart of occultism is not the impossible chimera which hopes to go beyond or outside all force of nature and make pure phantasy and arbitrary miracle omnipotently effective. What seems to us supernatural is in fact either a spontaneous irruption of the phenomena of other-nature into physical nature or, in the work of the occultist, a possession of the knowledge and power of the higher orders or grades of Cosmic Being and Energy and the direction of the their forces and processes towards the production of effects in the physical world by seizing on possibilities of interconnection and means for a material effectuality. There are powers of the mind and the life-force which have not been included in nature's present systematisation of mind and life in matter, but are potential and can be brought to bear upon material things and happenings or even brought in and added to the present systematisation so as to enlarge the control of mind over our own life and body or to act on the minds, lives, bodies of others or on the movements of cosmic forces. The modern admission of hypnotism is an example of such a discovery and systematised application—though still narrow and limited, limited by its method and formula—of occult powers which otherwise touch us only by a casual or a hidden action whose process is unknown to us or imperfectly caught by a few; for we are all

the time undergoing a battery of suggestions, thought suggestions, impulse suggestions, will suggestions, emotional and sensational suggestions, thought waves, life waves that come on us or into us from others or from the universal Energy, but act and produce their effects without our knowledge. A systematised endeavour to know these movements and their law and possibilities, to master and use the power of nature force behind them or to protect ourselves from them would fall within one province of occultism: but it would only be a small part even

of that province; for wide and multiple are the possible fields, uses, processes of this vast range of little explored knowledge....

“Its most important aim must be discovery of the hidden truths and powers of the mind-force and the life-power and the greater forces of the concealed spirit. The highest occultism is that which discovers the secret movements and the dynamic supernormal possibilities of mind and life and spirit and uses them in their native force or by an applied process for the greater effectiveness of our mental, vital and spiritual being”

If you must hold yourself up to your children as an object lesson, hold yourself up as a warning and not as an example.

— G. B. Shaw.

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OUT OF THE WINDOW

K. V. SIRKHEEL

A long time ago, a certain British Governor of Madras, on his return to England after he completed his term of office, was asked about the climate of Madras and he, in his characteristic way replied, "Well, there is nothing wonderful about the climate. It's three months hot and nine months hotter!"

This may be a gross exaggeration though. We do certainly have our winter months during the year though not in the western sense of the term. Our winter begins in December and ends in March. December and January are the most pleasant months. There is an air of ablation on earth and sky. A pleasant tingle of cold in the air. The green sward in front of my window is silvered by the morning dew and Nature seems to smile in her greenery after the wan and weary days of sweltering heat and withered nakedness. The grassy lawn is more pleasing and picturesque than what it was a month or two ago. When I see the cool verdure and the plants and grass and the golden splash of sunshine on the lawn, the sol touching off the tree tops and their tumbling foliage and the blades of new-sprung grass on the ground, I feel it is a picture hardly possible to paint even by the most skilful artist. The play

of light and shadow among the trees seem to whisper in a thousand modulations to each other and the gently fluttering leaves and the sprays of foliage on the higher branches on trees create an ecstasy too deep for words. It is in such moments when one feels grateful to be alive and well.

Even the little animals like the alert and inquisitive squirrel shares this joy with me. He is fluffing up his tail and flicking his sensitive ears and has come out to have a tumble in this warmth and verdure with his wife and child. Hump-backed he sits now and again on his hind legs with his awkward paws in the air to see, I believe, the surrounding beauty of the landscape. While his wife finds a seed or root and sits nibbling at it, holding it in her funny paws, and the little one, a shining little one, a few weeks old perhaps, capers and gambols in the world of greenery which will be his domain for the rest of his life.

The father is a daily visitor to my window. He comes with his bright eyes, his bushy tail and expectant nostrils for the crumbs of bread on the window specially kept for his lunch. It is a real pleasure to watch him at these meals, his quick movements and sudden awareness of un-

known danger, which makes him drop down the half-eaten crumb, and stand still and listen. He has got a pretty trick of flicking the ends of his tiny ears and these like the modern radar seem to detect even the unheard sound. And suddenly with thunder-bolt swiftness he scampers up the lintel and goes up to a place of safety. I do not think there is any creature so sensitive as he to fancied danger. But he knows that it is better to err on the side of safety than on the side of over-confidence. We who have read Edmund Burke, the acknowledged philosopher of conservatism, know that he agrees with the squirrel when he says, "Timidity is the mother of safety."

The birds too are entertaining company. For instance, the spruce yellow-legged mynas, a pair of them with their twins. They come punctually on the lawn for their breakfast. The dignity of the walk of the lady is something emulative. I wish our ladies take lessons from her in the art of graceful and gentle progression. There is such grace and poise in her as she goes taking her doddering little ones behind her—fledgelings of a few months old, still with meagre tails and scanty feathers and transparent throats. They eagerly open their beaks for grasshoppers every time the mother tenderly puts in a morsel. I see in the myna this transcendental love of motherhood which is touching indeed.

It is funny and somewhat strange too that even in the innocent kingdom of birds we have the dare-devils like a pair of king crows, which visit my lawn in

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the middle of the day. They are born acrobats of the air. Their performances of sudden dives and swift soarings and capers and cuts innumerable, are indeed a delight to the eye. Hard as nails and as mischievous, they flash like animated patches of ebony in the sunlight with their black shining coats and handsome forked tails which seem to give them the capacity to perform those feats in the air. They caper and play around a she-buffalo which grazes in the lawn and love to sit on her broad back and have a joy ride, which I believe the stupid buffalo does not mind. When she moves, she stirs the

grass and plants and the insects fly in the air. The king-crow like a flash dives down and snaps them up and thus continues to have his ride and meal on the buffalo's back.

These are my friends of the landscape not to mention the company of lovely young parrots and woodpeckers which fly across the lawn screaming joyously in the morning and settling down on the topmost sprays of the trees, their yellow bosoms and blue and green plumages dazzling in the sun with their glowing beaks. They move lazily and chatter on the boughs and suddenly take flight in a crescendo of screams and fly to a more dis-

tant perch.

In this picture of light, life and colour the buffalo browses blissfully, unconscious of the beauty around her, her head glued to the grass. I fancy she has no other idea except eating. Like a gourmet she views the sunlit lawn as a huge banqueting board lit up with shaded lamps with the prospect of unlimited food.

Such are the matutinal delights which a winter morning offers to me. To conclude, I am only tempted to quote the words of Wordsworth, the nature poet,

*"My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal.
The fulness of your bliss, I feel-
I feel it all."*

THE ROMEO

He was trying hard, but he didn't seem to be able to make much headway with the pretty girl.

"Those lovely hands," he murmured. "Your wonderful lips and those beautiful eyes! Where did you get those eyes?"

"Oh," replied the girl, coolly, "they came with my head"

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CHANGING TIMES

An ancient mosquito and a young one were talking things over. The older one mentioned how lucky things were for youngsters. "How can you say so?" replied the other. "Look at the things we have to put up with now: all kinds of insecticides. It's so hard to live these days."

"May be," retorted the elder. "But in my time when I wandered around the beach we could bite a girl only on the hands or the face. Look at the opportunities you fellows have these days!"

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THRIFTY SCOT

McPherson gave some advice to his wife when they were expecting friends to tea.

"Just mind, Jeannie," he said, "to put the sugar tongs in the basin, and not a spoon."

"But we have no lump sugar in the house" she replied.

"I was minding that!" said McPherson.

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Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes.

— Oscar Wilde.

GURU AMAR DAS

SWAMI SIVANANDA

Amar Das was a Khatri of the Bhalla sub-division and was born at Basarke in the Parganah of Amritsar in Samvat 1536 (1479 A. D.) He had two sons, Mohan and Mohri and two daughters, Bibi Sulakhni known as Dani and Bibi Bhani.

He was a man of humble parentage and supported himself by the hire of the pony which he used for conveying goods from one place to another. He was fond of the society of faqirs and was ever in search of a competent spiritual guide. His faith was Vaishnav, and spiritual desire being kindled in him on hearing the recitation of certain hymns of the Guru, he at the age of 62, came to Khadur and adopted Guru Angad as his spiritual guide. At such a late age he became a fervent and zealous votary and willing server of the Guru. He served him with all his heart and sacrificed his own comfort for the Guru. He undertook to fetch fresh water for the Guru's morning ablutions every night at about midnight from the river Biasa, which was about four miles from Khadur. He performed this duty without fail, whatever the season was. After the Guru had bathed he used to go to the jungle to fetch fuel for the kitchen. While performing these and similar other duties he was constantly repeating in his mind the name of the Lord.

His reverence for the Guru was so great that he never turned

his back towards him or his house. During his midnight journey to the river he used to walk backward keeping, on all occasions, his face towards the house of the Guru. Although he did so much, yet he would never make even the least mention of his services nor would he eat anything from the Guru's kitchen, supporting himself by the small and scanty earnings of his trade in grocery. The Guru noticing his fervour and willingness, liked him much, and for the sake of assaying him, he would at times put him to the test.

On a dark tempestuous night, in the midst of rain, thunder and lightning, when Amar Das was returning with water from the river, he accidentally tumbled over by striking against a *karir* peg close to a weaver's house and fell into the weaver's loom pit, from which he managed to get out of without assistance with the pitcher full of water remaining intact on his head. The weaver hearing the noise inferred that someone must have fallen into the pit, and said to his wife, "What miserable scoundrel can that be roving about at this time of the night?"

"It must be," she replied, "that wretched homeless Amru who serves the Guru for the sake of a loaf of bread."

The Guru was already convinced of his disciple's devotion and sincerity, and on hearing what happened the preceding night, he,

on the 1st Magh Samvat 1609, (1553 A.D.) in the presence of the whole congregation said, "Amru is not homeless, but the home of the homeless, stronghold of the defenceless, shelter of the shelterless, strength of the strengthless, support of the supportless, friend of the friendless, and the prop to the world and its faith." He

was forthwith declared to be the successor of Guru Angad, who bowed down before him and then presenting 5 pice and a cocoanut, walked round him four times as was done by Guru Nanak on the appointment of the successor.

(From history and philosophy of Sikh religion.)

Some people think charity is giving to others the advice they cannot use themselves.

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Let us not pray for light burdens, but for a strong back.

— Theodore Roosevelt.



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THE COMMON COLD

The commonest of ailments, the common cold, still remains a mystery and a challenge to modern science even after twelve years of intensive research.

JAMES WOLFE

The rapid progress of medical science in the past century has all but removed the scourge of the fatal epidemic diseases—cholera, typhus, bubonic plague, smallpox etc. In the west they are a thing of the past and in the East, though the battle is not yet over, they are rapidly coming under control. Medicine can thus turn to some of the minor afflictions which, though rarely fatal, cause misery, inconvenience and serious losses of manpower.

Probably first among these in the West is the common cold which, with influenza, causes the loss of something like 40 million days' work a year in Britain and about 120 millions in the United States. It is equally common in hotter countries, though there the secondary effects are normally less.

The cold is believed to be a virus infection, a subject on

which a great deal of work has been done in recent years. Viruses, the smallest known parasites, are not capable of independent life but multiply inside living cells. The big problem is to find some way of killing them (itself easy enough) without harming the cells in which they live. Unfortunately antibiotics, in which there have been enormous advances in recent years, have no action on viruses.

There is no method of recognising the virus of the common cold and the only known way of discovering whether any given material produces colds is to inoculate someone with it and await the result.

Since 1946, 6,000 volunteers have taken part in experiments conducted at the Common Cold Research Unit of the British Institute for Medical Research at Salisbury, Wiltshire, under the

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overall supervision of Dr. C. H. Andrewes, the Institute's Director of Virology. They spend ten days at the unit, using the enforced seclusion for study or rest, and during this time about 40 per cent "catch" cold.

The Salisbury unit has two main aims: to isolate the common cold virus and grow it in the laboratory, and to find a laboratory test for it which does not involve the use of human volunteers. The virus was grown once on human tissues, but it has not been possible to repeat this process; none of the many artificial media tried has proved suitable, and the search still goes on.

Meanwhile, volunteers are the only way. Cold producing substances, usually from people who have colds, are put in their noses, and clinical watch is kept on the effects. All that can be said so far is that there is some agent in these which induces colds in some people.

Common cold research has a long way to go before practical results are achieved, but some very interesting discoveries have been made. One of these is that exposure to wet and cold does not affect susceptibility to infection. Experiments carried out, in particular in the United States, with groups of people made to wear wet clothing and stand in draughty corridors, and then inoculated with material containing cold virus, have shown no higher rate of infection among these groups than among others not subjected to such treatment. Another discovery is that colds are peculiar to civilisation. Arctic explorers catch them not by fall-

ing through the ice, but by visiting towns; colds do not occur in isolated communities, except when visiting ships bring them.

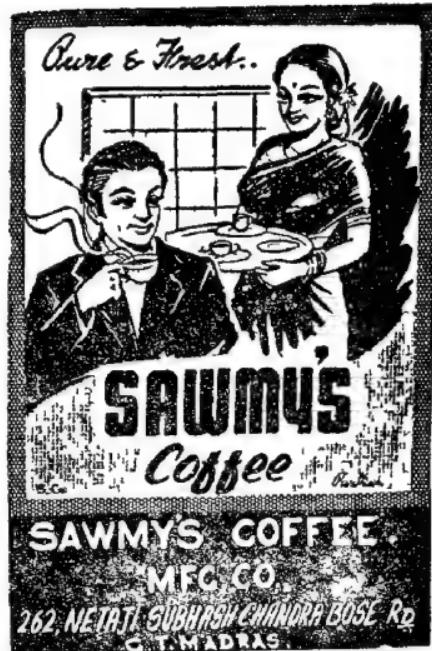
Though the common cold is a well-defined phenomenon, its causes are very varied; thus even the first step of isolating the virus, growing it artificially, and developing ways of recognising it, is extremely difficult. Some strains of the virus have been isolated, but it is thought at Salisbury that these are "uncommon colds", and not the one which attacks the majority of people. For the same reason (the existence of so many varieties of virus) work in different countries cannot usefully be compared. Though the symptoms of the illness may be very similar, its causes are likely to be quite different.

The fact that the life of a virus is so intimately linked with the cell which acts as its host makes the problem of dealing with it, even when isolated, very complex. Many attempts have been made to develop vaccines to deal with virus diseases, but these are often too specific in their effects; they are very accurate in dealing with the particular virus against which they were prepared, but have no effect on others, of a similar kind. Vaccines prepared some years ago against influenza, for example, were useless against the Asian variety which appeared last year; and the same problem would arise in trying to use a single vaccine against the many types of cold. However, should the real "common cold"—the commonest cold of all—be isolated, the possibility of developing a vaccine cannot be completely ruled out.

A different approach has been investigated recently at the National Institute for Medical Research's headquarters at Mill Hill, London. It has been known for some time that one type of virus will interfere with the growth of a virus of another type so that people suffering from one virus disease may be protected against others. Now it has been discovered by Dr. Alick Isaacs that if a virus is killed with ultra-violet rays, and incubated with a group of cells, a substance called "interferon" is produced which prevents the multiplication of many other viruses. The action is not yet understood, but interferon is thought to block an early stage in growth common to many different viruses.

The practical value of this new substance in treating infections cannot be known without a great deal of further research, but it is thought that respiratory ailments such as colds may be a good subject for a beginning, as interferon could be applied locally.

Medical research is always painstaking and in spite of many false hopes the common cold still



awaits some means of prevention. Even after 12 years of work the staff at Salisbury, though they have made much useful progress in narrowing the problem, can only provide the same advice to sufferers as any practising physician: take two aspirin tablets and spend a day in bed.—Unesco.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

An American oil magnate was asked whether he had any recipe for success that he would like to pass on.

"No," he said, "just pride in myself. When I was working as a clerk in an oil factory years ago, I made a mistake in the books one day. For days I was sick with worry waiting for someone to pull me up about it, but they never did.

"Nobody said a word to me about it—then it dawned on me—I was so small as far as they were concerned that I just didn't matter. From that day on I worked hard, determined that the next mistake I made would affect lot of people. I suppose you could say I've got a motto in a way.

"I found out that although it hurts to make a mistake, it hurts twice as much to find out you're so unimportant nobody notices it."

FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE

Remember, the whole secret of real peace, true happiness and real success is faith in God or self-confidence. When you are assured that happiness, peace and success do not depend on external circumstances, but on your inner faith, that unique potency will be generated in you, which will transform external circumstances and happiness, peace and success will automatically flow to you.

Remember: when you will come to have faith in the grace of God and begin to act in conformity with the Divine Will, all the Divine force will start helping you and success will kneel before you and court you.

Remember: when faith in God develops in you, you will feel that God Himself is shouldering the entire responsibility of your well-being, immediate as well as future, that He is guarding you against every chance of a fall. Then a natural sense of fearlessness and care-freeness will dawn on you.

Remember: there is no short-coming which you cannot get rid of; there is no hurdle which you cannot cross over and there is no situation which you cannot control. The only thing needed is faith in God, faith in His grace and faith in His power.

Remember: there is no enviable position which you cannot attain, no exalted state which is not real and no high level which you cannot reach. The entire

success relating to the future lies in your hands; only you must have faith in the unfailing grace of the omnipotent Lord, who is your supreme well-wisher for all time. You should take refuge in Him and consider yourself supremely powerful with His power.

Remember: the highest, most reassuring and positively unfailing doctrine in the world is that you should repose faith in the grace of the infinitely powerful God and awaken the power of your self on the strength of that grace. Then the external and adverse circumstances will not only cease to harm you but they will get transformed, assume a favourable aspect and contribute to your success.

Remember: to entertain a low opinion about yourself and to yield to circumstances is tantamount to suicide. Within you lies the power of God and you can do anything thereby. It lies in your hands to change the circumstance on the strength of Divine grace. You are not poor; you are an eternal part of the universally adored Godhead. You are not impecunious; you are a child of God, the Supreme Ruler of all the worlds. You are not feeble; the limitless strength of the great Almighty is ever ready to help you. Have faith and, wiping out all traces of an inferiority complex, become great.

—Kalyan.

Contentment is attained not so much from great wealth as from limited wants.

GANDHIJI & THE LAW

In the following article and others to follow the writer recounts Mahatma Gandhiji's experiences as a lawyer and how his adherence to truth and dharma often brought him into conflict with law. Invariably the moral victory was Gandhiji's.

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A., B.L.

Early in life Gandhiji had a desire to become a doctor. But his elder brother overruled it as their late father never liked it. Vaishnavas should have nothing to do with dissection of dead bodies. So his father had intended him for the Bar. It was said that it was easy to pass the Bar examination then in England, and so Gandhiji was sent to England to get himself qualified for the Bar.

However, Gandhiji was not enamoured of his life there. As he put it, there were two conditions which had to be fulfilled before one was formally called to the Bar. The first was keeping terms—twelve terms in three years; and the other was passing the examinations. "Keeping terms" involved attending at least six out of twenty four dinners in a term. Gandhiji could not for the life of him understand how those dinners qualified the students for the Bar. Anyway he went through it all in a stoic way.

The curriculum of studies for the "Dinner Barrister" was easy. There were only examinations in two subjects in those days.

Roman law and the common law. None bothered, it appears, to make any real study of the subjects. The examiners were also never stingy. They fell into the spirit of the "Dinner Barristers" and were generous. Gandhiji, though he was aware of all this, managed to get into a difficulty. He began in earnestness to read all the text books. He read Roman law in Latin. He records in his autobiography that this reading was not without its value for him later in South Africa where Roman Dutch was the common law.

Gandhiji thus acquitted himself well as a real barrister in contradistinction to "Dinner Barristers"! He passed the examinations and was called to the Bar on tenth June, 1891. He was enrolled in the High Court on the 11th and on the 12th he sailed for home.

Once in India Gandhiji felt like ruminating over his prospects in the profession. He records, "It was easy to be called, but was difficult to practise at the Bar. I had read the laws but not learnt how to practise law. I had read with interest "Legal Maxims"

but did not know how to apply them in my profession. *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas* i.e., "Use your property in such a way as not to damage that of others," was one of them. But I was at a loss to know how one could employ this maxim for the benefit of one's client. I had read all the leading cases on this maxim but they gave me no confidence in the application of it in the practice of law. Besides I had learnt nothing at all of Indian law. I had not the slightest ideas of Hindu and Mohamedan law. I had not even learnt how to draft a plaint and felt completely at sea. I had heard of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta as one who roared like a lion in law courts. How, I wondered, could he have learnt the art in England? It was out of question for me ever to acquire his legal acumen and I had serious misgivings as to whether I would be able to earn a living by the profession."

Thus young Gandhi was torn with these doubts and anxieties even while he was a student in England. A friend suggested his seeking the advice of the great Dadabhai Naoroji who was then in live touch with the students. He often addressed public meetings and Gandhi used to hasten to hear the great man. Gandhi had a note of introduction to Naoroji but somehow he was long shy of meeting him. He used to feast his eyes and ears whenever Naoroji spoke.

At long last one day Gandhi mustered up enough courage and presented the note of introduction to Dadabhai Naoroji who said, "You can

come and have my advice whenever you like." But young Gandhi never availed himself of this offer. Later Gandhiji met the conservative leader Mr. Frederick Pincutt who had a lot of affection for Indian students. He greeted young Gandhi as a friend and laughed away his pessimism. He said, "Do you think that everyone must be a Pherozeshah Metha? Pherozeshah's and Badruddin's are rare. Rest assured it takes no unusual skill to be an ordinary lawyer. Common honesty and industry are enough to enable him to make a living. All cases are not complicated."

Mr. Frederick enquired about Gandhi's general reading and with a sympathetic smile added, "I understand your trouble. Your general reading is meagre. You have no knowledge of the world, a sine quo non for a vakil. You have not even read the history of India. A vakil should know human nature. He should be able to read a man's character from his face. And every Indian ought to know Indian history. This has no connection with the practice of law, but you ought to have that knowledge. I see that you have not even read Kaye and Malleson's "History of the Mutiny of 1857". Get hold of that at once and also read two more books to understand human nature, Lavator's and Shemmeipenick's books on physiognomy."

Great advice from an Englishman to Gandhi this was. The person who was later responsible to liberate his country from the foreign yoke, was advised by an Englishman to learn Indian history, to read about the

1857 Mutiny and finally to learn the art of studying human nature. Ghandiji had later in life acquired all these accomplishments to his and the country's benefit; but not by reading the books. The book of experience taught him what he wanted to know.

After Gandhi's return home, the problem of life stared him in the face. Home economy was a problem with mounting expenses and a large family. In his inimitable style Gandhiji says: "To start practice at Rajkot would have meant ridicule. I had hardly the knowledge of a qualified vakil and yet I expected to be paid ten times his fee! No client would be fool enough to engage me. And even if such a one was to be found, should I add arrogance and fraud to my ignorance and increase the burden of debt I owed to the world?"

Gandhi was then advised by friends to go to Bombay to gain experience of High Court work at least for a while. He went. But he found it difficult to get along in Bombay for more than four or five months, there being no income to square with the ever increasing expenditure. He records, "This was how I began life. I found the Barrister's profession a bad job—much show and little knowledge. I felt a crushing sense of my responsibilities."

Pepople cavil at the legal pro-



fession often without rhyme or reason. You can easily acquit yourself as a paid civil servant. But it is difficult to be a success. A lawyer should be brave, face all difficulties with the calm of a philosopher, acquire knowledge not only in law but in human nature, and generally should be capable of turning even defeats into successes by the magic wand of wit and sobriety.

A lawyer who begins at scratch and reaches the top he has all the qualities of leadership. He is a full man who can lead society forward. This was the type of lawyer that society revered in India in the early decades of this century. Persons of such legal eminence as Dadhabhai Naoroji, Pherozeshah Mehta, Pandit Motilal Nehru, C. R. Das, Srinivasa Iyengar, and a host of others led the freedom struggle in the Gandhian era with such brilliance. Their position in society and their capacity were such an asset for the non-violent struggle launched by Gandhiji.

(To be continued)

A good husband is one who will wash up when asked and dry up when told.

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Money may not make one happy, but certainly quietens one's nerves.

SIGNIFICANCE OF VYASA PUJA

VELANDAI

The significance of Vyasa Puja and Chaturmasyam were explained by his Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam in one of his discourses at the Madras Sanskrit College.

He said that every asrama has its special dharma or duty. It has been enjoined that a sanyasi should not remain in one place for any length of time. He has to be a wandering mendicant. The idea is that he should be moving from place to place, coming into contact with his lay disciples and ministering to their spiritual needs and guiding them to regulate their lives according to the sastras. This may be likened to 'mass contact', a term familiar in politics. If a sanyasi remains in one place for a long time, there is the danger of his contracting 'attachments' or getting involved in local controversies. There is also the adage, 'familiarity breeds contempt' and, perhaps, that is one of the reasons why a sanyasi is prohibited from staying long at any one place.

This constant movement from place to place may prevent a sanyasi from devoting sufficient time to mediation and other spiritual practices and to *atma jnana* leading to the realisation of the ultimate Truth. Therefore, he is permitted to remain in one place during the *chaturmasya* period commencing from the full moon in the month of *Aani*.

This period also coincides with the rainy season.

There is a reason behind the selection of this period for *chaturmasya*, His Holiness said. The sanyasa asrama is essentially one of *ahimsa*—causing no harm to any living being. That is why a sanyasi has to travel on foot. Even if one were to tread unwittingly on an insect while walking, there is every chance of one not causing its death because the feet are so shaped that the insect can easily wriggle out through the gaps. During the rainy season numerous insects spring to life and infest pathways. Any travel during the period will inevitably lead to the *himsa* of these insects.

It is also to enable sanyasins to adhere to the principle of *ahimsa* that they are prohibited from cooking their own food. In the process of cooking, insects that might happen to be in water, firewood, vegetable, etc. will be destroyed, besides the germinating part of the grain. Therefore sanyasins are enjoined to rest content with what householders give as alms. They are also not permitted to pluck green leaves. That will be *himsa* to the plant which has also life. In fact there is no agni (fire) for the sanyasa asrama. That is why they do not perform any homa (sacrifice in fire).

A sanyasi takes the resolve to

observe chaturmasya after performing Vyasa Pooja. This pooja is as important to sanyasins as Upakarma is for those who belong to the other asramas. As custodians of the Vedas, it is their duty to preserve them in their pristine purity and effectiveness. The danda (stick) carried by a brahmachari is symbolic of his determination to protect the Vedas at any cost. The object of Upakarma is to revitalise the Vedic mantras, should their efficacy be impaired through causes like faulty pronunciation. The Vedas are recited on that day after invoking the grace of Sri Veda Vyasa who perceived through his spiritual powers the Vedas and transmitted them for the benefit of the world and the Rishis who propagated the various khands of the Vedas. The presence of Sri Vyasa is invoked in a pot of water and worshipped.

It is not Veda Vyasa alone who is worshipped on the Vyasa Pooja day. Six groups of preceptors (moola purushas) of jnana, each group consisting of five preceptors, or rather five such groups of five, with Sri Krishna, Vasudeva, Pradyumna, Anirudha and Sankarshana in the centre, are worshipped.

The seniority of a sanyasi is decided not by his age but by the number of Vyasa Poojas he has performed. It might happen

that a young sanyasi has performed more Vyasa Poojas than an aged one. In that case the aged sanyasi would have to do obeisance to the young one. This practice is similar to the practice among householders, namely, of one person prostrating before a lady, younger than himself should the husband of that lady be senior to him.

What is known as Vyasa Poor-nima in the South is known as Guru Poornima in the North. On that day every person makes it a point to make offerings to all those who occupied the position of a teacher to him. This custom is followed in the R. S. S. organisation. Its members pay no subscription but make a cash offering on the Guru Poornima day.

Sri Krishna is called the Lord of cows Krishna being the central figure in Vyasa Pooja. His Holiness said, he desired to give the message of gosamrakshana (cow protection) to them. It is an irony that in the land where the cow was worshipped cows are found in an emaciated condition whereas in lands where cow slaughter is not regarded as a sin, cattle yield more milk per head and are better looked after.

The Government as well as the public owe a duty in attending to the cattle wealth of the country.

CLOSE SHAVE

A man and his wife were studying a religious painting at an art gallery, when he said: "I wonder why angels are never portrayed wearing beards?"

"I suppose," came the reply, "it is because a man gets to Heaven by a very close shave."

THE VANISHING TRICK

The following story about the remarkable powers of a fakir was reported by an Englishman in a British magazine:

I was sitting in the verandah of the hotel in Benares in the afternoon, reading a belated English magazine, when I suddenly noticed a dark shadow on the floor, and looking up, I beheld a tall middle aged native standing a few steps from me. His dress was of the scantiest, consisting only of a loin cloth and a brimless straw hat, shaped somewhat like a skull-cap.

"What do you want?" I demanded. He salaamed and asked if he might show something, and I sat up in my chair, forgetting my fatigue. Here was a fakir, one of those men who thought they could hypnotise me and make me imagine I saw things! Well, we would see about that! I looked at the bare wooden floor, innocent of furniture, carpets, matting or any other covering. I glanced at the man's dress, certainly no hiding places to be found there, and the brilliant Indian sun was lighting up the stage. "Yes, you may show me something," I said, "but you must stay where you are and you must not touch me."

He took his straw cap from his head and handed it to me, and by leaning forward in my chair I could just reach to take it from his hand. Yes, this was good distance: he could not possibly touch me, and still he was so close that nothing he did, not even the slightest movement,

could escape me. The skull cap was unlined and the straw so thin that I could see daylight through it—nothing could be hidden there.

When I gave it back he placed it on the floor just half-way between us, then straightening himself he held his hand above the cap for some seconds. He did not even look at me. "Now there is something underneath," he said, and stooping down, he lifted the cap carefully and revealed four white hen's eggs on the floor.

"How did they get here?" I asked when my surprise allowed me to speak. He did not answer, but lifted the eggs and gave them to me, saying I could break one if I liked to see that they were real; but I did not want to do that, for it was not so much what they were as how they came to be there that interested me. He then replaced them on the floor and covered them with the cap, stood upright once again and held out his hand. "Now, there is something else," he said, lifted the cap, and my bewildered eyes gazed on four live chickens about a day old—two white, one brown and one grey. They chirped and began to move; he gathered them quickly in his hands and gave two of them to me, warm, lively little creatures they were, and one of them tried to crawl up my sleeve. When I gave them back to the man he carefully put them down on the floor and covered them again with the cap. The little birds struggled for freedom, the cap

moved and swayed and did not quite reach the ground now that the chickens were under it; I could still see their little feet scraping about. For a moment it looked as if they would succeed in making their escape, but the fakir quickly straightened himself and held out his hand. The cap made one quivering movement, then sank down, touching the ground and lay peacefully still. "Now there is nothing," he said and lifted the cap.

There was nothing! The chickens had vanished into space.

I stared stupidly at this wonderful wizard, who in the meantime had put the cap on his head. He then asked me if I could give him a handkerchief. I felt in my pocket.

"Now that is strange," I said, "for I am sure, I had one a few minutes ago."

"Perhaps, it is this?" he asked as he raised the cap and took from it a handkerchief which he handed me. Yes, it was mine! There was my name and the fruit stain I had noticed at lunch time. I was past speech and returned it to him in silence. He placed it on his head and fitted the cap over it, carefully tucking in every corner. The both arms with the hands open fell down close to his sides and he stood immovable for about twenty seconds, while I bent forward in my chair and stared at his head with such concentration that I felt the blood throbbing in my temples. "Now it has left me," he said at last, took off the cap and handed it to me—empty!

"Where is it now?" I asked. The fakir smiled, shrugged his shoul-



ders and threw out his hands. "Who knows?" he said, "perhaps it is back in the pocket."

And there it was, the very same handkerchief.

All this time his feet had not stirred from the spot on which he had first taken up his position. I then gave him a rupee and he quickly salaamed and went away, leaving me with my brain in a perfect whirl and wondering whether I could again trust the evidence of my own eyes.

ORIGIN OF LIFE ON EARTH

There are reasons to believe that our planet was lifeless for at least two-thirds of its existence, says Alexander Oparin, a Soviet scientist.

Oparin believes that the entire history of the development of matter towards the appearance of life can be divided into three stages: the primary appearance of hydrocarbons and their derivatives, the appearance of numerous high molecular organic compounds and, finally, the appearance of albumen systems capable of metabolism.

Hydrocarbons and their simplest derivatives began to appear in the earliest period of the history of the earth.

Then under the action of radiant energy, and specifically ultraviolet light, electric discharges and ionizing radiation, hydrocarbons turned into complex organic systems. However, they did not possess properties specific of life when they first appeared. It was only when principally new laws came into being, that they developed into primary living organisms.

The data we have at our disposal today indicate that primary organic polymers were educated from a homogeneous solution at a certain time in the form of multimolecular drops similar to coacervate drops obtained in laboratory conditions.

Gradually in three stages began the evolution of coacervate systems into living organisms; deve-

lopment of an ability of self-preservation in conditions of constant interaction with the environment; emergence of systems capable not only of self-preservation but also of growth; emergence of systems reproducing themselves in recurring reactions of the same type. From that moment on, Oparin says, life can be said to have appeared.

X X X **X-ray Dangers**

A warning of the atomic radiation danger in the over-use of X-ray examination was given recently by Professor Zenon M. Bacq, of Liege University, at the 4th General Assembly of the Council for International Organizations of Medical Sciences meeting held recently at Unesco House in Paris.

Prof. Bacq, former chairman of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, described this danger in facts and figures. His statistics, he pointed out, have been accepted by experts from the fifteen nations on the committee.

"The genetically significant dose of radiation from natural sources is 3 rem for a period of 30 years," he said. "The dose distributed to gonads by atomic fall-out during the same period will be about .01 rem—that is, 300 times less than the natural dose, if atomic tests are terminated at the end of this year."

"The dose distributed by physicians in countries where medical facilities are highly developed is from 5 to 5 rem—that is, from 50 to 500 times more than atomic fall-out or, in other words, a genetically significant dose as great as natural radiation."

Pointing out the need to draw the attention of physicians in general to the necessity of diminishing the quantities of radiation administered during X-ray diagnosis, Prof. Bacq went on:

"Specialists believe that, if all those who conduct X-ray examinations were well trained and equipped with appropriate apparatus and that if physicians did not ask their colleagues, the X-ray specialists, to conduct useless or relatively useless examinations, it would be possible to lower the dose distributed to the population by at least a quarter of its present state—and to do so without doing the slightest harm to the precious contribution of X-ray examinations to the diagnosis of illness."

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Fish Calls

A group of Soviet biologists recently carried out experiments off the coast of the Crimea to see whether the "voices" of fish could be used for "practical purposes". The sounds emitted by fish, which are inaudible to the human ear, were recorded with the aid of special submarine equipment and then "played back" under water. It was noted that the fish were attracted by these sounds. Since each species of fish has its own "voice", the Russian scientists hope it may be possible to attract shoals of a

given species, a development which would be of great importance for the fishing industry.

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Nobel Prizes

The Nobel Prize for physics this year has been awarded to three Soviet physicists for the discovery and interpretation of the Cherenkov Effect.

It was in 1934 that Dr. Pavel A. Cherenkov observed that water and other transparent substances, such as glass and mica, emit a weak, bluish-white glow when exposed to gamma radiation, the highly penetrating rays given off by radium. The light is emitted mainly in the direction of the gamma ray beam, and has a continuous spectrum from red to ultraviolet, at least. Essentially the same effect was observed in water by Lucien Mallet in France in 1929.

The phenomenon, writes William L. Lawrence in *New York Times*, remained a mystery for three years, when Drs Frank and Tamm, co-winners of the prize along with Dr Cherenkov, came along with the explanation. Their studies showed that the production of Cherenkov radiation is a kind of electromagnetic shock-wave effect, arising when an electrically charged particle, such as an electron, travels through a medium with a velocity greater than the velocity of light in that particular medium.

The Cherenkov radiation phenomenon remained a scientific curiosity until 1947, when scientists in the United States suggested that it could serve as a powerful new tool to count and detect individual charged particles, such as cosmic rays, of

extensively high energy.

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Dr. Frederick Sanger, of Cambridge University, winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry is famous for isolating and identifying the components of the insulin molecule and determining the order in which the individual units of the molecule are arranged.

The proteins are the most complicated chemical substances in nature; in them the very secret of life itself is enshrined. There are tens of thousands, perhaps as many as 100,000, different kinds of proteins in a single human body, each serving a specific purpose.

Proteins are in turn made up of simpler units named amino acids. There are twenty-four of these amino acids, which may be regarded as the alphabet of life. Each particular type of protein molecule differs from all other proteins, not only in which of the amino acid units it contains but also in the arrangement of these units, just as the meaning of a word depends not only on the letters it contains but on their sequence as well.

Dr. Sanger and his associates at Cambridge, after ten years of concentrated effort on one protein molecule, insulin, succeeded at last in unraveling its structure—how its amino acids were strung together. The work revealed that the insulin

molecule is composed of seventeen different amino acids. They are in two chains, one of twenty-one amino acid units, the other of thirty, held together with "bridges" of sulphur atoms.

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The Nobel Prize for medicine and physiology has been awarded to three American professors, Professor George W. Beadle, Professor Edward L. Tatum and Professor Joshua Lederberg. Professor Beadle and Tatum were honoured for their discovery, through pioneering experiments with bread mold, that the heredity-transmitting genes perform their functions by chemical reactions. Their work opened a far-reaching new field in the study of the fundamental mechanism of heredity, known as biochemical genetics.

Professor Lederberg, who began his studies with Prof. Tatum, in 1946, demonstrated that at least one form of bacterium is capable of sexual reproduction normally characteristic of higher organisms. His further studies, in association with Dr. Norton D. Zinder, now at the Rockefeller Institute, led to the discovery of the startling phenomenon known as "transduction," by which a virus can transfer genetic material, and thereby hereditary traits, from one bacterium to another. More startling still, the studies show that it is possible to cross-breed viruses.

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"Your son tips me more generously than you do, sir," a hotel server said to a wealthy financier.

"That's quite possible," was the reply. "He has a rich father. I haven't."

How to Improve Your Memory

It is estimated that man in his normal span of life of three score and ten years, comes across fifteen trillion bits of information. Indeed it is a big mountain of facts which no man or woman, however gifted, will be able to retain in mind and recall at will.

Memory is indeed a tricky thing. Some are able to memorize a long passage by one reading; some others find it difficult to do so even after repeated attempts.

What constitutes memory and is there any way by which it can be trained and improved? The commonly accepted view is that the nerve cells in the brain which number about ten billion and more, are in some complicated way affected as impressions are carried to them by the various sense organs. These impressions bring about a change in their electric potential or chemical composition, or in some other subtle way. This change or record we call memory. We then remember the facts and impressions as long as the change in the cell remains. But if the change made is only superficial or weak, then it does not last long and as it gets effaced we forget.

The nerve cells are very mal-

leable or active when we are young and they become less plastic as we age. That is why elder people have more difficulty remembering recent events than recalling experiences and facts from their youth, when their nerve cells were more sensitive and impressionable.

However, it is possible to improve one's memory no matter what one's age is. Here are valuable hints to improve your memory power:

Make a conscious effort to remember things that are important to you.

Understand the meaning of what you are trying to remember.

Resolve the facts you want to remember into a meaningful and logical pattern. It is then easier to recall them.

Take a genuine interest in what you want to remember or commit to memory.

Use as many senses as possible in the process.

Associate as far as possible, what you want to remember with what you already know.

And lastly don't clutter your brain with useless facts and figures. Try to forget what is unessential. Overstraining your brain is as bad as overstraining your physical body.

CHIVALRY IS DEAD

Not a man in the crowded bus rose to give the bundle-laden woman a seat. One young fellow, however, was more thoughtful than the others.

He tugged at her skirt and whispered furtively: "Be on your toes at Market Street, lady. That's where I get off."

WHERE THEY SWAP WIVES!

In an igloo in the Spence Bay area of Arctic Canada an Eskimo lay sick, moaning and calling out: "I am dying! I am dying!"

The family sent for a noted shaman or witch-doctor, Eeehevilitak, who asked for the lamp to be dimmed, shut his eyes, threw back his head, made a humming noise, swayed gently, then became quiet and held out his hands before him.

Suddenly tiny figures of dogs and men began jumping down from the ice-window ledge above the sick man. They ran about the shaman's hands, sprang over to the sick man lying on furs. The shaman stood still, mumbling quietly. There were tiny dogs on the floor, jumping up towards him, which he patted back with one hand.

The sick man stopped wriggling and moaning. The tiny figures returned from him, jumping back on to Feehevilitak's hands. Again he spoke to them, then they leapt back to the window and vanished.

The old shaman dropped his hands, began to hum again, then stopped, swayed as if about to fall, opened his eyes, looked around in a daze. "He will get well," he said, then turned and crawled out through the door. The sick man was now asleep, breathing quietly. Next morning at breakfast he was sitting up eating and seemed happy, though weak. Ten days later he was well and able to hunt again.

This astonishing story was told to Colin Wyatt by an Eskimo,

Katardjuk, who was present. "I could not believe my eyes," he said, "but I swear to you it happened—I saw it."

He was a fully-believing Christian from a different tribe, Wyatt says in a vivid account of his Arctic travels, *North of Sixty*. Even the missionaries admit that these witch-doctors have powers they cannot explain.

Five years ago another shaman was arrested for murder and taken down south by a dog-team for trial. One evening, as the police sat in the barracks awaiting transport, they began questioning him about his powers. Was it true that he could call up spirits and do strange things? The old man assured them it was so.

A policeman then handcuffed him, saying: "Let us see you free yourself from these!"

The Eskimo replied: "I shall call upon my strongest spirit, Nanook, the polar bear!" He then went into a trance, for a while sat motionless with eyes closed, then raised his arms. To the astonishment of the police, his wrists appeared to swell; suddenly the manacles burst, his arms fell free, and in a few moments he awoke from the trance.

While mostly harmless, some shamans use their powers to further their own ends, Wyatt observes. For example, people go to one asking when and where there will be good seal-hunting. He goes into a trance, saying he'll call up a seal's spirit. This tells him there will be good hunting at such a spot—probably one he

knows to be normally good—but may have to go off to hunt caribou, but his wife may not be good at curing curibou skins, though good at curing fish; so he swaps with a fisherman whose wife is bad at curing fish but a good curer of hides and a good seamstress. Thus, each expedition may bring maximum benefit to the community.

The Eskimo custom of wife-swapping with both parties' consent arises from the peculiar conditions of hunting life. A man

TEST OF LOVE

It was a sultry summer night with stars scintillating in the sky as a young couple sauntered across a common on the outskirts of a French city.

But neither the full-lipped, languorous girl nor her fiance felt happy. The girl, who had a fiery temper, was in one of the quarrelsome moods.

"Be kind to me, sweetheart," he begged, putting his arm round her waist. "I love you so much—I shan't be really happy until we're married next year."

The girl's eyes flashed in the darkness "Love me!" she mocked. "I don't believe it. What have you ever done to prove you love me? I shan't marry you until you do something really brave."

Her challenge bewildered the young man "How can I prove that I love you?" he asked wildly.

Pointing to a disused chimney rising 120 feet into the sky, she declared: "Climb that to-morrow. If you don't climb it I won't marry you."

Next day the young man made the giddy ascent, climbing the chimney by means of a rusty iron ladder attached to it.

Just as he reached the top the ladder began to fall slowly outwards. But as it did so he had the presence of mind to grasp the lightning conductor and clung there for several agonizing seconds.

Then, slowly swinging one hand and one foot outwards, he grasped the swaying ladder. Dragging it towards him, desperately, he secured the top to the chimney again and was able to descend to safety—into the arms of his half-sobbing fiancee, who had watched the whole incident.

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THE SCOT AGAIN

A woman had four umbrellas given to her as presents, and decided she would change one of them, the gift of a Scots friend, for a walking stick for her husband. She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came, and asked if it could be exchanged. The assistant said he was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the woman. "The name of your shop is on the label."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but that's a label for re-covering."

CHINA GOES A STEP AHEAD OF SOVIET RUSSIA !

Communist China is now engaged in a new social revolution which is aimed to make it a first rate industrial and military power.

The operation, writes the correspondent of *New York Times*, is the creation of an entirely new kind of organization for the masses, the People's Communes. Formed in the rural areas from a merger of the collective farms, the communes are a step toward a final form of Communist society more radical than any yet tried, even in Russia.

The communes encompass from a few thousand to 20,000 peasant households and range in area from a few square miles to the size of a small county. When farmers are absorbed into the communes, their collective farm shares and their small, individually-owned home plots are turned over to the communes, thus eliminating the last vestiges of private property in the Chinese countryside.

With Communist party members holding key positions, the communes will be run by administrative committees selected by members of communal congresses named in closely controlled elections.

Commune committees will direct every economic, social and political activity of the members, who for some communes will number more than 100,000. The communes will manage the farms, run the existing factories and

build new ones, carry on trade, banking and postal services, operate schools, stores and welfare services, construct highways, irrigation systems and electric power facilities.

Through a communal militia, members will be organized along military lines for work at their various tasks in groups similar to military formations.

Many communes already have communal eating facilities and when fully developed all will provide central mess halls. Food will be obtainable only through establishments.

Many communes already have set up the required communal nurseries and boarding schools which will care for children, if not permanently at least for protracted periods. Clothes will be made in communal tailoring shops. There will be communal medical services, old age homes and amusement centers.

Relieved of home tasks by communal facilities, tens of millions of women will be able to work full time in the fields, factories, mines, communal kitchens and other places on an equal social & pay basis with men.

Peiping claims that with the establishment of the communes (communal units are to be introduced into urban as well as rural districts), Communist China is laying the groundwork for the pattern of Communist society prescribed by Marx and Lenin.



P. V RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

The planetary combination is favourable for general success of life during this month. Aswani & Rohini & $\frac{1}{2}$ Kritika Your ruler Mangal being in his own house and aspected by Guru envisages success of your new undertakings and development of schemes and encouragement from higher ups in whatever field you are. The success is more marked and emphasized in the second half with the solar course through the 9th house. The first half may cause you anxiety as to your general health, children's affairs or their health, disappointment in your expectations besides some aspersions being cast against you by your own people. Second half relieves you of all these disturbed conditions. You may be favoured by your relations and may have more satisfaction regarding your children's affairs. From the 9th financial condition will improve, as Sukra the financial lord enters the next house. General health of your wife

which was disturbed before will improve after the 9th. Any eye trouble will also improve. Officially improvement is indicated in the last week before the 28th. Merchants will find second half more lucky than the first half. During the first half unexpected trouble may arise resulting in loss in some cases. Foreign business is more encouraging in the second half.

2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12, 17, 20, 27, 31 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Planetary alignment during this month does not envisage favourable period $\frac{1}{2}$ Kritika & Rohini & $\frac{1}{2}$ Mrigashira With the background Mangal in the 12th house aspected by Guru in the 6th, Sani in the 8th and other planets also therein from the 2nd half in particular, you may not stand to gain much during this month. Expected relief may not be forthcoming as scheduled. Delay and disappointment will be the chief events characterising

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the month's picture. Health may be disturbed, domestic happiness may be wanting, unnecessary excitement over affairs beyond your control may also be experienced. Friction, dispute, differences accusation and coercion will be the chief features of the month, unless the current indications of your dasabhuktis are found favourable. Financially heavy fluctuation, unusual pressure and sudden reliefs here and there are marked during this month. Mangal in the 12th brings about heavy pressure over commitments beyond your control. Economy should be your motto during this month. Domestically you may not be happier than before. Your ruler Sukra enters the 8th house on the 9th presaging disturbed health condition and domestic troubles. On the 28th only Guru, the lord of general success, enters the 7th and thereby giving you relief and trouble-free conditions thereafter for about a year. Officially the aspect of Sani to the 10th house coupled with Mangal, the lord of displacement in his own house, is not a good sign for the attainment of your objectives. More anxiety than before will result. Merchants may perhaps be better off in the first half. Great care will be necessary to avoid loss and disturbance in the partnership.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 17, 19, 20, 24, 27, 29 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Planetary configuration sounds

1 Mrigashira happy during this
Ardra & 2 month. Almost all
Punarvasu of them are indicating success in the

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line of least resistance in general. The solar course through the 6th house is a happy augury about settlement of good many pending affairs which have been disturbing your mind before. The only malefic influence perhaps in a few cases is in regard to the health trouble or domestic anxieties prevailing in the home circle during this month. Second half shows improvement thereof. Guru's position is encouraging enough as it enables you to gain much through happy contact with men of higher rank in your outside activities. Friends and friendships will appeal to you in particular and so you might stand to gain much from their hands. One of your near relations, say an elder brother, might come unexpectedly. Or you might meet one of your relations after a long separation. Children will cause you greater satisfaction in the second half. Planets in the 7th may disturb your wife's health or relationship with wife, for some time only. Financially this month is favourable enough there being chances of windfall if the radix permits it. Any

court case will terminate well during this month. Dealings in land and estate or house property may engage your attention. Officially this is a favourable month for attaining your objectives. Merchants will also find this month lucky enough. Partnership will be successful.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 19, 20, 22, 27, 31 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary map obtaining during this month sounds ♪ Punarvasu encouraging. The Pushya & Ashlesa aspect of Mangal to Guru allays your anxiety over affairs which were beyond your control. Mangal's aspect to Guru is happy regarding important undertakings on your part both officially and domestically. In spite of heavy expenditure there is greater financial convenience envisaged during this month. Help is sudden and unexpected. Surya's position in the 5th might cause you some anxiety till the 17th of December only. One of your children will claim your special attention during this month. Financially this month is more favourable than the last especially from the second half. People who have had financial pressure will find it easy to raise money or to find easy conveniences thereafter. Domestically this month envisages better harmony in the home circle. Mangal in the 10th house is the planet of action and may bring about excitement and illtempered and contentious argument causing after regrets in all your dealings or behaviour with others. This

trend may be checked to your advantage in time. Officially this is a very hopeful month for attainment of your objectives through the favour of your boss. Avoid friction with your colleagues, lest there should be unhappy relationship during this month. Change of boss is envisaged in a few cases. Merchants will be lucky during this month. The solar course through the 5th house aspected by Mangal might make them over speculative or indulge in heavy speculation which may result in their disadvantage. Second half may prove better.

1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 11, 12, 17, 20, 22, 26, 27, 28, 31 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary style admits of an admixture of both Makha, benefic and malefic forces at work Poorvaphal-guna and for you during this + Uthara- month. Rahu and Phalguna Kethu, Guru in the

3rd, Sani in the 5th are all unfavourably configurated so as to cause you mental torture, disappointments, anxiety in the home circle and financial worries. Mangal is the only planet in the 9th house giving you the necessary inspiration and initiative in your professional activities. Domestically this month does not afford greater harmony than before. Much worry and annoyances are caused in respect of your unsatisfactory surroundings, residential quarters and vehicular conveniences which you commanded before. General health may also be disturbed owing to chronic complaints or urinary troubles. Health of your wife

will also be disturbed since your lord of the 7th house is having the neecha amsa in the 5th house. This may also mean disturbed health of your wife after confinement. Rahu in the house of finance aspected by Sani does not augur well as to your financial conveniences. Help may be sought through others interested in you. You tend to be sarcastic causing differences or disputes. You must take precautionary measures in respect of your diet. Officially first half is better than the second. You may not find co-operation from your subordinates. Merchants will be lucky in respect of their foreign business in particular. Correspondence will be helpful particularly this month bringing in its train new customers and new business connections.

2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 17, 19, 22, 24, 27, 29, 31 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

The planetary line up with $\frac{1}{2}$ Uttara- phalguni Rahu over your Hastha and $\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra rasi, Sani in the 4th house and Mangal in the 8th

house, does not presage a happy state of affairs according to orthodox astrology. The only redeeming feature is the position of Guru in the 2nd house of protection from all impending troubles as envisaged by the malefic forces already referred to. The solar course through the 3rd house aspected by the 8th lord Mangal in his own house is calculated to distress your mind over imagined difficulties overwhelming you during this month. Your ruler Budha is found retrogressing backwards to the 3rd

house from the 4th house rendering you more anxious and mentally disturbed over general affairs of your life obtaining around you. There will be greater probe into records and may cause you anxiety. Your relationship with elders will cause you anxiety, and your disturbed physical condition requires close attention also. Rahu aspected by Sani and Mangal in the astama may not bespeak well of your positon in the eyes of your relations who may attribute unnecessary motives to you. There may be either unnecessary accusation or disturbed physical conditions on account of excessive heat generated in the system. You may be rash in dealings with others. Avoid unnecessary excitement over trifles. Domestically you may not feel happy. Heavier expenditure is foreshadowed. Some loss of an article or missing of papers may be a characteristic event of the month. Financially better relief and greater income will be the feature of the month. Officially this is not a happy month. Your objectives will be gained later on. Merchants will be lucky during this month. They may gain more money than before. Partnership will be more profitable.

2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 20, 27, 29, 30, 31 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary alignment is encouraging. Major

$\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra Swathi and $\frac{1}{2}$ Vishaka planets are well placed. Mangal is in the 7th house as the lord of the second and 7th houses. This indicates that you will have enough courage to

proceed on the scheduled lines of work or professional activities gaining success, popularity, and individuality. Your ruler in the 2nd house along with Surya and aspected by Mangal may trouble your eyesight till the 9th of the month. Thereafter Surya will enter the 3rd house when you have a wider outlook of life by coming into contact with men of higher stature who will groom your future for your wellbeing. Guru and Sukra will be in mutual reception and therefore you may be sympathetically disposed towards brothers or sisters with whom you had disturbed relationship. A journey may surely occur in a few cases or you might be more inclined to read and write and assimilate spiritual knowledge. First half may disturb you domestically. Avoid misunderstanding and friction with other members. Financially this is an easier month than before, there being more money received in the first half than in the second. New avenues of income may be explored during this month. Surya in the 3rd house in the 2nd half may cause you some anxiety in respect of your relationship with elders. New learning or experience may be gained by coming into contact with men in holy places. Officially this is a fairly good month to gain promotion and goodwill of your boss. Merchants will be lucky during this month. New partnership may be formed.

1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, 20, 23, 26, 31 are better days.

‡ Vishaka,
Anuradha,
& Jeshta

Sani don't seem to be favourably inclined in their indications as to peace of mind, children's affairs, financial matters, domestic life, and near relations of yours during this month. Surya in the first half may buoy you up with new ideas and plans crossing your mind but you will find it difficult to implement the same for want of facilities and on account of obstacles, delay and disturbed conditions obtaining around you. Second half might prove slightly better as you may find sympathetic surroundings about you. Domestically you may be worried; either your health will suffer owing to excessive heat generated in your system or on account of financial pressure necessitating temporary loans to be raised for your commitments during this month. Your ruler is in his own house viz. Mesha, which happens to be the house of trouble, ill health and indebtedness. Though you may be worried in these respects Guru's aspect to Mangal will go a long way to relieve you of your troubles in time. Financially the lord of income being in the 12th house shows heavy expenditure beyond your control. In the very beginning or about the 3rd Guru and Mangal are in direct opposition causing heavy depletion financially and sudden gains as well, as the month is underway. Officially this month is slightly better as you may have your boss's favour or change of work as expected by you. Avoid friction with others, who are your colleagues, as otherwise you may suffer under the boss's prejudice

●
VRISHCHIKA RASI or
SCORPIO

Major planets viz. Guru and

against you. Merchants may not find this month lucky. Unexpected obstacles are met with in foreign business venture. Financial pressure is felt more than before. Partnership may come under disturbed waters.

1, 6, 7, 8, 11, 17, 19, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 31 are better days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

The only redeeming features of this month are ½ Moola, the favourable Pooryashada positions viz. of ¼ Uttarashada Guru in the 11th house of your desires and ambitions in the process of fulfilment and the position of Mangal in the 5th house of your children's affairs in progress. Consequently you will find that you will be able to work in the line of least resistance in spite of obstacles in the way of your progress through the sympathetic co-operation of your friends and relations. Mangal aspecting your ruler Guru fills your mind with bright inspiration and initiatives necessary for the onward march of your plans. Friends and friendship will appeal to you more than before when the lord of 11th house Sukra representing your friends, enters your rasi on the 9th December. Better relationship will prevail with adverse friends who were working against your interests till the 9th of this month. You will also be in good relationship with your brothers and sisters with whom you were not so before. More guests than before will be entertained by you after the 9th. Financially there will be heavy expenditure till at least the 10th of the month and better conven-

iences in money matters thereafter, there being a sudden windfall in some cases on or about the 12th of December. More finance will flow thereafter for your commitments. Domestically you may be happier after the 10th. Health of a child also may be disturbed before. Unwelcome news may be heard also. Health of your wife may cause you anxiety for some time only. Officially second half is undoubtedly better as there will be greater grace of your boss thereafter. Merchants may lose in the first week. They will gain thereafter as the month is underway.

2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, 20, 22, 27, 29, 30, 31 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The major planets are not favourably disposed towards you during this month. The 12th house solar course in second half does not prove gainful to you both in the domestic and professional surroundings. Meanwhile Guru in the 10th may cause you anxiety about your job or affect your health adversely during this month. The aspect of Mangal to the 11th house in the first half may cause unnecessary friction in the domestic circle or disturb your mental peace owing to the interference of a near relation at home. Domestically therefore you will not be happy. You may suffer through a friend also. Financially this is a month of fluctuation and high expenditure is envisaged which will be beyond

your control. Beware of your being cheated by an imposter. You will be easily deceived during this month. Officially you will have no peace of mind nor will you be satisfied with your present condition. Sukra, the lord of the 10th, enters your 12th house and joins Sani on the 12th of December. From there onwards you may get disgusted with your job or you may go on leave for sometime. One of your colleagues will always befriend you and be in sympathy with you. Merchants will do well in the first half. They gain suddenly through partnership. Second half is discouraging on account of loss that might ensue in the course of the business.

2, 5, 7, 8, 11, 17, 20, 22, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary map sets up a series of harmonious re-
+ Dhanista actions during this
Sathabhisha month on account
& + Poorva- of favourable set-up
bhadra of positions obtain-

ing in the course of the month. Both the major planets viz. Guru and Sani are very favourably configurated. If only the radical imports are in sympathetic and favourable accord with dasa bhuktis now running, this will be the best month for gaining the utmost in all that you do. Mangal helps you to be energetic, courageous and to be happily connected with people higher up. A journey may also be in the month's picture. You may gain by your contact with men of high position and popularity during the first half. Second half is still

more favourable for your social success. You may meet men of spiritual status as well as men of material prosperity in the second half. More friends than before will rally round you to make your life happy and gay. Domestically this is a harmonious month. One of your brothers will claim your special attention. Writing, publication or correspondence will be specially emphasised. Financially this is equally a good month. Since the lord of finance is in the moveable sign and the solar course is through the 11th house your financial affairs are likely to witness some sudden fluctuation in the beginning. Officially this is a very profitable month. You may gain through the grace of your boss. Avoid caustic remarks while dealing with other's papers. Merchants will be extremely lucky particularly in the second half. Foreign business will meet with success.

2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 22, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

The major planets continue in the unfavourable houses but with slight change for the better on account of Sani's movement into the 10th house. Your difficulties are, therefore, minimised to some extent. The solar course in the 9th house aspected by Mangal does not gain much to your advantage. Consequently differences are foreshadowed with seniors and elders, officially and domestically. Second half may slightly prove better except on or about 20th Decem-

ber when some unexpected disappointment or flare up either with an enemy or a relation is likely. Financially this should be a more easy month than the last one, but with added extra expenditure beyond your control. The general trend is more heavy expenditure than savings hereafter. Avoid financial dealings with friends in particular, and relatives as well. An old friend or relation is expected to disappoint you financially on account of Sani's position. Officially this month may cause you unnecessary anxiety. A transfer

or a change of duty may be in the month's picture. Misunderstanding with your boss may crop up during this month which may be avoided in time. Merchants may find this month better than before if speculation is avoided, as otherwise there may be inevitable losses envisaged. Business turnover will be normal but good. Partnership will be prosperous. Foreign business will prove more lucrative.

2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 20, 22, 27, 30, 31 are better days.

WAR OF GIGGLES!

Any future world war will not be fought only with hydrogen and atom bombs; it will also be one of itches and giggles—at least if the president of the American Air Force Association, Peter Schenk has his way.

He believes that in addition to mass-destruction, America must also have the means of creating chaos among the enemy on a limited front.

Weapons for such chaos would include itching powder, giggle powders which would give the enemy hot feet, and noise generators which would emit high-pitched shrieks so that no one could sleep or even think.

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THE BORE

"It is now recognized as an undeniable fact," announced the office bore, "that, like many other qualities, stupidity is hereditary—"

"That's a nice way to talk about your parents," interrupted a listener.

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CUTTING REPLY

The amateur actors were rehearsing their play. Mrs. Jones was required to kiss Mr. Smith and as they arrived at that incident Mrs. Smith arrived.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "I hope, dear, you don't mind my kissing your husband?"

"Not at all, darling," was the icy reply. "I don't mind in the least—if he doesn't."

THE PATH TO THE STARS

WERNER BUEDELER

Manned travel to other worlds is probably nearer than it seemed a few months ago. At least that was the opinion expressed by specialists from some twenty countries who met recently in Amsterdam to review progress achieved in the different branches of astronautics with the knowledge and experience of some of the leading experts at their disposal.

Stars in this assembly of "star reachers" were the "fathers" of the Soviet and American satellite projects, Professors Sedov and Werner von Braun. Von Braun, who was attending a meeting of the International Astronautical Federation for the first time, gave a much-awaited lecture on the carrier rocket of the American "Explorer" satellites and their first scientific findings.

There has been much talk about what the recording and transmitting equipment of Explorers I and II have taught us in respect to the physical conditions at the fringe of the atmosphere. In some cases the findings are in full agreement with theory and had been predicted for some years. But at the same time the Explorers reported, just as the Russian Sputniks did, surprising facts about a radiation belt whose existence no one had suspected. When the first satellites approached an altitude of about 1,000 kilometres, the tune emitted by their transmitters as a guide to the intensity of cosmic radiation would alter its fre-

quency back and forth, thereby indicating a tremendous increase in radiation. At first scientists believed that this change was caused by a fault in the recording gadgets, but they soon had to accept the idea of a radiation current circling the earth above the thousand kilometre limit, and always following the lines of force of the magnetic field which surrounds our planet. Nobody yet knows how far this belt extends. Some scientists believe that it ends at an altitude of two or three thousand kilometres, others speak of six to seven thousand.

But, whatever the correct figure, the question remains: what would be the effect of this radiation belt on human beings? Does it present any biological medical hazards for future space travellers?

The recordings made by the earth satellites indicate that the impact of electrically charged particles (of which the radiation in the belt is believed to consist) upon a material body like a satellite or a space ship, produces a kind of radiation which the scientist generally refers to as *Bremsstrahlung*. This radiation is composed of X-rays, which can certainly harm the human body if it is exposed to them intensively and for a long period. For this reason some specialists suggested encasing space ships in a shell of lead several inches thick. Though this may sound a good solution from the point of view of radiation absorption, it creates new difficulties for the

space-ship engineer, intent on keeping the weight of his craft as light as possible.

To meet these objections, other suggestions were put forward during the Amsterdam meeting. Professor Fred Singer of the University of Maryland, well known in astronautical circles for his unconventional ideas, suggested a sort of a "brush" which would sweep away the radiation particles within a narrow band, inside which a manned space station could then circle. Of course, the idea of the electron swallowing satellite which is to make a path for the manned station, depends very much on the origin of the radiation belt, and unless the theory on this, likewise suggested by Professor Singer, proves correct, there is not the slightest chance of the brush being feasible. But in any case, as far as starting and landing operations are concerned, the space ships would still have to penetrate the radiation belt. To avoid this it was suggested that their launching and landing sites should be built near the poles of the earth since, following the magnetic lines of force, the radiation belt extends only up to latitudes of approximately thirty degrees north and south, and then fades out. Thus, a manned space vehicle starting from somewhere near the poles would not encounter the belt at all.

But perhaps the most unconventional idea was put forward by von Braun himself. He waved away all the difficulties by saying: "The radiation belt is of no concern for the launching and landing operations of space-crafts. They will be through it

in a matter of hours. And since the radiation is of comparatively low energy, we do not need to bother about it. Of course," he admitted, "the situation is different for a manned space station. It could not stay within the belt unless it had a lead protection. But it does not need to stay there; there is ample space below the belt. At 720 kilometres' altitude a space station revolving in a real circle would have a practically infinite lifetime."

Von Braun is convinced that manned space flight will become a reality within a matter of years. That this idea does not seem as remote as it did only a few years ago, is indicated by the interest lawyers and lawmakers are suddenly showing in the matter.

Their key-question is: to whom does outer space belong?

One of the leading barristers in the United States, Andrew G. Haley, who is also president of the International Astronautical Federation, wants to draw up space law before man is actually capable of exploring the universe. He feels that provisions should be made now. Many eminent lawyers share this opinion. This was clear from the great interest shown in the symposium on space law, directed by Andrew Haley, which was held in the House of Parliament in The Hague before leading authorities.

Thus slowly but surely the path to the stars is being cleared. It may still take years, even decades, but man has reached the threshold of the universe and, sooner or later, will start out on the great adventure. —Unesco.

Thought is the Man

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who harbour such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who do not harbour such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred will not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule.

—*Dhammapada*.

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Two office boys were discussing business. "Have you got a good job?" asked one.

"Well, I can get to the office any time I choose before nine, and leave when I please after six."

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BOASTING

Two boys were arguing about the strength and all-round ability of their respective fathers.

"You know the Pacific Ocean?" said one. "Well, my father bulit the hole for it."

His pal paused for a moment, then said: "Have you ever heard of the Dead Sea? Well, my father killed it."

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RELIEF

Parker had been celebrating with his Christmas bonus and was making his way home—walking with one foot on the pavement and the other in the gutter. A policeman approached him and said sternly, "You're drunk."

"Oh, thank goodness," said Parker. "You know, I thought that one of my legs was shorter than the other."

The Best Tonic

Men and women all over the world are not laughing enough nowadays, says a psychologist.

Research into the effects of laughter shows that really hearty laughs act as a tonic on the human body. They massage the diaphragm and tone up the stomach muscles and that laughter can help to kill disease.

"If you want health and long life, get the laughing habit," he says. "Laughter is the finest of all the breathing exercises because it fills parts of the lungs poorly ventilated by ordinary breathing."

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A very proper and careful old lady was engaging a new butler. "Have you a reference from your last place, my man?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the applicant. "They wouldn't give me one."

"And why not?"

"Oh," answered the man in an offhand manner, "I hit one of the warders."

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A wedding was to take place and crowds gathered round the church door to watch the proceedings. A street singer took advantage of the circumstances, and walked up and down on the opposite side of the road singing.

Just as the bridegroom arrived there was a roar of laughter, for the beggar was singing in a rough bass voice, the well known song, "Have courage, my boy, to say no."

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PROVED RIGHT

"You silly," said his wife; "fancy being superstitious after all these years! Why, do you remember the first time we met? We walked under a ladder and you said you were sure something horrible would happen to you."

"It did," said he quietly. "Did I not marry you?"

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THE MOST MISERLY

"Who is the most miserly man you know?"

"Old Smith. When there's a crowd at the station and the people are standing in a queue waiting for their tickets, he always goes last so that he can keep his money in his pocket as long as possible."

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CALCULATION

Girl's father: "My daughter tells me you are worth over ten thousand pounds."

Suiter: That's right. Expectation of life, thirty-five years—salary, three hundred—well, you can work it out for yourself!"

Best Exercise

A fifty-year check-up on the walking habits of people in various jobs in France has revealed that country postmen enjoy the best "general physical condition" there. Says a French doctor who walks for two hours every day: "Good walkers usually make sturdy old people. Walking is the one exercise that can be kept up throughout life."

Another doctor who believes walking is the key to perfect health says that young mothers who walk regularly nearly always have easy confinements and bonniest babies.

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"Any surprises among your wedding presents?"

"Yes, Wilson gave me a book I lent Brown a year ago."

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"I am very upset about my wife's memory."

"Why? Has she lost it?"

"No. She remembers everything."

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PUPPETS HELP CHILDREN

Tongue-tied children and others suffering from nervous troubles, stammering, lisping and excessive shyness, will benefit immensely by playing with puppets, it is said.

Manipulating the figures, the children become completely absorbed, their imagination is set free, self-consciousness is removed, and healing influences go to work. Moreover, if the puppets themselves play heroic parts, or show a strong personality, then something of that personality is transmitted to the children.

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TOMMY'S TACTICS

Her small son had returned from a party, and Mother knowing his weakness, looked him straight in the eye and asked:

"Are you sure you didn't ask Mrs. Jhonson for a second piece of cake?"

"No, Mother," replied Tommy. "I only asked for the recipe so that you could make one like it, and she gave me two more pieces on her own."

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Mars	Quarrels Among Brothers—Timidity—Fault Finding nature	CORAL
Mercury	Weak Brain—Slow In Understanding—Nervous Debility	EMERALD
Jupiter	Impure Blood—Barrenness—Obstinate Views	TOPAZ OR POKHRAJ
Sani	Weak Bones—Rheumatic Complaint—Low Associates	SAPPHIRE
Rahu	Diseased Body and Poisoned Mind	GOMEDAK
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